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The Gift of Lady Blais to
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2nd edn.

15th

2. circa 1785

By Mrs Teachwell (revised)
see also at back

RATIONAL SPORTS.



7 A I Rows 1797

RATIONAL SPORTS.

The gift of Lady Is Lewis

I N

D I A L O G U E S

PASSING AMONG THE

CHILDREN OF A FAMILY.

DESIGNED AS

A HINT TO MOTHERS HOW THEY MAY IN-
FORM THE MINDS OF THEIR LITTLE
PEOPLE RESPECTING THE OB-
JECTS WITH WHICH THEY
ARE SURROUNDED.

SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed and sold by JOHN MARSHALL and Co. at No. 4,
Aldermay Church-Yard, in Bow-Lane.



To MRS. F****.

ALLOW me, my dear *****,
to dedicate to you, what seems
so peculiarly your property.

Yet let me caution you against
imagining, that I mean to offer to
you, “ a hint how you may inform
the minds of your little people——”

No, —— I am not so conceited:
but, as when I wrote the original,
to give myself the pleasure of af-
fording you some slight assistance in
that agreeable task, I made your
children the persons of my drama;

so now, that I am seeking to oblige a few of my particular friends with copies, I feel a degree of satisfaction in continuing the names of the speakers, a circumstance which places me for an instant, as it were, in your family; not to say, that the dear little ones will imbibe, with ten-fold satisfaction, the little information which they seem to receive from a brother or sister.

Thus surrounded by your young people, I look around me with a smile of complacence, and almost forget that I am emerging from a circle of partial Friends, to hazard the censure of Strangers.

Of Strangers! who will say that, the Preface is a pompous introduction of my Readers, to —

NOTHING!

Even you may be led to ask, (in kindness to ask) why it is so?

My dear! your friendship forgets that I have nothing to introduce them to.

I only profess to point out how children may be agreeably led to knowledge by those who *have*.

I had no sooner mentioned my idea of a *REAL MOTHER, than my pen hurried me into a sketch of the scenes to which I have been a

* See page xiv.

viii D E D I C A T I O N.

witness at *****. Happy I am,
that the dear Original remains a-
mongst us to receive an assurance of
unfeigned Love and Sincerity in her

Affectionate *****,

And Friend,

July 16,
1783.

***** *****.

P R E F A C E.

E DUCATION, even its most enlarged sense, does but open the mind for improvement. In its more confined acceptation, namely, the acquisition of language, education merely qualifies the scholar for future researches into the depths of learning—only furnishes the power of seeking for knowledge among the treasures of antiquity.

Therefore, if the boy study mere words, if the youth acquire no taste

for literature, the man will be no better for the cost and pains which have been spent upon his education.

A horse will be *but* a horse to him, though he can tell you the appellation in every tongue, past or present.

School education, therefore, is but the mean of knowledge.

It is the father's province to attend to the school education; I design to treat of that which belongs to the mother.

The mother has a few years in which to lay the foundation for every structure which is to be raised; I pass the most important, which it is to be hoped no mother will neg-

lect; without which her son will indeed be, “learned to no end.”

It is the province of the mother to tincture the mind. She has the opportunities of *infancy* and early *childhood*: she has those of the *vacations* from school: she must seize every occasion of leading her son gently and insensibly to a taste for *rational amusement*.

This sounds high in speaking of a child; but it is only sound. All things have small beginnings;—that stately Oak was once an Acorn.

Children love wonders. Why not be amused with talking of the changes which the gnat upon the window has undergone? or the origin

of the fly upon the sugar; then view the different parts, which you have at hand, in the microscope?

You walk into the garden; the caterpillars are devouring the stocks; a butterfly is fluttering about; a bee is at work; all these little incidents furnish subjects of *rational amusement*, lively enough to engage your child's attention. You return to the parlour; he flies with eagerness to a book, where he can peruse an account of those things; he reads what you have really just told him; (this children delight to do) thus is he gently conducted, along the paths of amusement, to a taste for rational employment.

It is leifure which corrupts half the world. Where time is not agreeably occupied in fome innocent purfuits, *Boys* and *Men* have recourfe to vice. How important then, is the aim to introduce children to a love of fuch innocent purfuits! a fenfible mother will do this with eafe.—

“ She muft then facrifice every thing !”

And do you call it a facrifice? Is it not her firft *duty*? Ought it not to be her firft *pleafure*? Nay, it is her firft pleafure; for I write for *real mothers*, not ladies who leave their offspring to imbibe the follies of the kitchen, whilft they roam to places of diverfion.

The REAL MOTHER finds her reward in the attachment of her son; does she need a further? she meets it in her husband's eye.

How have I seen a mother, in the intervals from school, surrounded by her boys! each striving to excel in obliging behaviour, and attention to her lessons; each catching with eagerness at the science which she is able, in so agreeable a manner to impart!

Happy mother!

Happy Boys!

But I am writing a rhapsody instead of preface.—Let us hasten to
OUR RATIONAL SPORTS.

no more to come

D I A L O G U E S,

As a slight Specimen of the Method which it is believed would succeed in leading Children to a Relish for Knowledge.

P E R S O N S.

JOHN,	<i>Eldest Son.</i>
EDWARD,	<i>Second Son.</i>
JANE,	<i>Eldest Daughter.</i>
GEORGE,	<i>Third Son.</i>
WILLIAM,	<i>Fourth Son.</i>
BARTLE,	<i>Fifth Son.</i>
SUSAN,	<i>Second Daughter.</i>

RATIONAL SPORTS, &c.

TRADES.

DIALOGUE I.

Family Assembled.

JANE.

WHO will play at Trades?

GEORGE.

I will.

WILLIAM.

And I will.

SUSAN.

May I?

JANE.

If you please, my dear.—*Bart!* will you?

B

BARTLE.

O yes.

JANE.

Come then.

SUSAN.

How do we play?

GEORGE.

You will see,—*Jenny* begins.

JANE.

I will be a Milliner; and I will sell a thousand things.—*Jack* says, that is the meaning of the name; and I will make caps and ruffles, and such things.

GEORGE.

And I will be a Haberdasher, and I will sell as many things as you: pins, tape, needles, thread; and I will have a great shop.

WILLIAM.

And I will be a Pedlar; and I will buy my goods of *George*, and carry them a great way about, and call at all the houses; and I will keep a stall at the fair, and sell my goods.

JANE.

Will *Bartle* be a Huckster?

BARTLE.

What is that?

JANE.

A kind of Pedler, who sells fruit, and cakes;
—go to the school, and *Jack* and *Ned* will buy.

JANE.

And what will little *Susan* be?

SUSAN.

I do not know.

JANE.

You may be a little Mantua-maker; and make
gowns.

SUSAN.

So I will.

JANE.

Now I will be a Grocer; and sell sugar, tea,
spice, figs, raisins, currants,—

GEORGE.

Then I will be a Confectioner; and come to
your shop for the sugar with which I boil my
sweetmeats; and the fruit I will buy of *Bartle*.

WILLIAM.

I will be a Pastry-cook; and make nice tarts, and cakes; and deal with you all for fruit, and sugar, and sweetmeats.

JANE.

Now I will be a Stationer, and Bookseller. I will keep good paper, pens, ink, sealing-wax, and wafers;—who wants a good pencil?

GEORGE.

I will be a Cooper; and make tubs and casks.

JANE.

I will be a Chymist; and I will make physical oils, and such sort of things; and *George* shall be a Druggist; and he shall sell all sorts of drugs, and dried herbs, and sirops for medicine.

GEORGE.

Barile has got a new hammer, so he shall be a Carpenter;—then he must have a chisel, a gimblet, a plane a saw, and I can not tell how many tools;—but can he tell how to make his "glue?"

BARTLE.

No.

GEORGE.

Of the skins of beasts boiled to a strong jelly,
—when it is cold it hardens into cakes.

JANE.

There are several sorts of glue for different
uses, made of different substances.

GEORGE.

Now I will be a Brazier; and sell all sorts of
things in brass and copper: and *Bartle* shall be a
Plumber and deal in lead—and *William* shall be a
Glazier; he shall sell glass, and glaze the win-
dows.

JANE.

No, *William* shall be a Tinker; and mend
kettles.

GEORGE.

Then *Bartle* shall be a Cobler; and mend shoes.

WILLIAM.

Then *George* must be a taylor; and make
cloaths.

JANE.

Let *Susan* be a Draper; then what will she sell?

GEORGE.

Cloth to be sure, you know; there are both Linen and Woollen-drapers.

JANE.

My paper is made of old linen boiled to make.
—Draper! what is your cloth made of?

SUSAN.

I do not know.

JANE.

A forfeit then—or a penalty—Come hither, and give me a kiss.

JANE.

Bartle! what does a Cobler deal in?—you should say leather.

BARTLE.

What is leather?

JANE.

Do you not know?—The skins of beasts tanned
—What tools do you want?—Say, an awl.

GEORGE.

Draper!—When you are asked what your linen is made of, answer hemp or flax.—They are both

plants.—You know what the woollen cloths are made of?

SUSAN.

O yes.

JANE.

Braiser! what is your brafs made of?

GEORGE.

Copper ore melted with lapis calimiparis.

JANE.

Very well Braiser.

JANE.

Now sister you should be asked what your muslins are made of?—and answer, cotton—Then I ask what is cotton?—you answer, it grows in pods upon trees and plants.

GEORGE.

Grocer!—you sell cheese—What is it made of?

JANE.

Milk.

GEORGE.

What part of it?

JANE.

The curd—I have seen the rennet mixed to make the milk part into curd and whey.

SUSAN.

Is that the nice whey which I tasted one morning?

JANE.

Yes—*Susan*, you know what butter is made of?

SUSAN.

Of cream.

JANE.

But how?—You do not know—Then I will tell you. It is shaken about very much, then it parts into curd and whey—The curd is butter; the whey is called butter-milk.

GEORGE.

Where do you get your best figs, Grocer?

JANE.

From *Turkey*.

GEORGE.

What is chocolate?

JANE.

The meat of a nut called cocoa;—the shell we use by the name of cocoa.

GEORGE.

You sell spices—what is cinnamon?

JANE.

The bark of a tree.

GEORGE.

Mace?

JANE.

The husk of the nutmeg.

GEORGE.

What is fago?

JANE.

A pith.

GEORGE.

Ginger?

JANE.

A root.

JANE.

Pray druggist do *you* answer a few questions,—

What is your gall-nut?

GEORGE.

The nest of an insect.

JANE.

Cochineal?

GEORGE.

An insect.

JANE.

Kermes is of the same kind; an insect of the gall kind, and its nest.

GEORGE.

I could have told—and rhubarb is a root. Vermicelli for soups, is paste from *Italy*; so called because it looks like *worms*. My macaroni, paste from *Italy*—My salop, a root ground to powder—the root of one kind of orchis.

JANE.

What is manna?

GEORGE.

A gum which oozes from an ash-tree in *Calabria*.

JANE.

What is sperma-ceti made of?

GEORGE.

The brain of one kind of whale.

JANE.

Turpentine is—what?

GEORGE.

Turpentine, pitch, rosin, tar, frankincense, all flow from trees.

JANE.

Cream of tartar?

GEORGE.

A preparation from tartar, which is found sticking to the tops and sides of wine-casks.

JANE.

Whence do tamarinds come?

GEORGE.

From both the *East* and *West-Indies*.

JANE.

How do they grow?

GEORGE.

In pods somewhat like those of a bean, and upon a tree, a little like our ash. Prunes are plums dried, and brought from *Bordeaux*. Ising-glass is the glue of a fish.—I forgot to ask the Stationer what her parchment was made of.

JANE.

Skins of sheep and goats—and vellum, is made of the skins of very young calves, kids and lambs.

[*Here the Maid comes in.*]

MAID.

Supper is ready, my dears.

JANE and GEORGE *singing.*

Come Coblers and 'Taylors;

Come Soldiers and Sailors;

Come Grocers and Glaziers;

Come Tinkers and Brafiars;

Come, come, come all away,

We'll play at Trades another day.

[*They go out.*]

The C A K E.

DIALOGUE II.

*A Parlour. Upon a Sideboard stands a large
Twelfth Cake.*

[*Enter the Children running.*]

*Mrs. Worthy follows them with a Note in her
Hand, laughing. She gives the Note to Jenny,
who reads aloud.*

“**G**RANDPAPA sends his love to all the
dear children—he has ordered a twelfth-
cake for them; it is all at their service upon
these conditions—that they explain the nature of
each ingredient, and whence it came.”

SUSAN.

Mrs. *Spicer* puts Flour into her Cakes.

Mrs. WORTHY.

And what is Flour?

SUSAN.

The finest part of Wheat.

Mrs. WORTHY.

What are Raisins?

SUSAN.

The fruit of a Vine.

BARTLE.

So are Currants.

WILLIAM.

The Oranges of which the Peels are used, come from *Seville*, in *Spain*; so do Lemons.

JANE.

Spain produces many of the rich ingredients—Raisins, Almonds.

BARTLE.

I know that Sugar is the Juice of a Cane, but where does it grow?

Mrs. WORTHY.

It is very much cultivated in the *East Indies*, but more in the islands of *America*.—Nutmeg, you know, is the seed of a tree, one of its coverings is Mace; but who knows where this tree grows?

JANE.

I do not; pray tell us.

Mrs. WORTHY.

It grows in the island of *Banda*, and several others of the eastern ocean. The *Dutch* monopolize these spices as well as the Cinnamon; which is, you know, the bark of a tree—but I believe you do not know where it grows.

WILLIAM.

Where, pray mamma?

Mrs. WORTHY.

In the island of *Ceylon*, which is in the *Indian* sea.

WILLIAM.

I wish we had the globe.

Mrs. WORTHY.

When the little ones are gone to bed we will talk farther upon these subjects.

JANE.

The Ambergris, with which the icing is perfumed, has not been thought of.

Mrs. WORTHY.

It is a substance from a Whale.—Now I put it to the vote, shall we cut the Cake; or keep it till to-morrow, when *Jack*, and *Ned*, and *George* will be here?

JANE.

I say keep it uncut.

WILLIAM.

And I.

SUSAN.

Do not cut it.

[*Voices at the door. Jan: exclaims:*]

JANE.

I hear their voices; I am sure I do! Here they come!

Mrs. WORTHY.

Indeed so they do—and Mr. *Worthy* too! my dear, how came this about?

Mr. WORTHY.

I was disappointed in my expectation of meeting Mr. *Fickle*—so I brought all my boys this evening to surprize you.

WILLIAM.

It is a very agreeable surprize.

JANE.

We shall not travel round the globe now, as we have such company.

The FRUITS.

DIALOGUE III.

[The elder Children assembled.]

JANE.

I WENT one day to see Miss Gay at Mrs. Teachwell's; and she had a very pretty amusing game something in the way you mention. She contrived it herself.

EDWARD.

How did they play?

JANE.

She gave out several ivory counters, with the name of some kingdom, or island, or so, upon each; they were to be shaken together and the players dipped in turn.

JOHN.

I understand you. So the girl was to tell what that country produced—which she chanced to draw?

JANE.

She was—and, if it was a great girl, the situation, soil, climate and other particulars.

JOHN.

That was superior to what I mentioned. In this board you only moved your mark to the place allotted, and named the chief produce.—Such an one would be very pretty for *Susan*.

GEORGE.

It would be agreeable for all of us—for those who were acquainted with further particulars might relate them.

JANE.

I dare say my papa will buy a board for us; but we can cut counters of card, and write names for Mrs. *Teachwell's* game.

GEORGE.

We will to-morrow—it will often teach us to reflect upon our own happiness. We have not

the delicious fruits of *Spain*, we shall say; but, we have cooler weather in the summer.

JANE.

Indeed we are apt to think, with envy, of the rich juice of their Oranges; without reflecting that the sun which ripens the fruit, scorches the inhabitants most uncomfortably.

JOHN.

The southern parts are very hot, doubtless.

EDWARD.

We enjoy the produce of the frigid and torrid zones by the help of our commerce.

JANE.

The great people seem to make art supply the want of sun in their green houses; so that they can pluck ripe Oranges as they walk, and enjoy the fragrance of the blossoms.

GEORGE.

The Roots of some Orange-trees which are in a green-house at *Beddington*, are said to have been brought over by Sir *Walter Raleigh*, in the time of Queen *Elizabeth*—and he died in 1603.

JOHN.

The *French* authors assert, that they have Orange Trees which are vigorous and fine, though they are two or three hundred years old: and mention one in particular, by the title of the *Great Bourbon*: which they assure us was seized in the year 1523, amongst other effects belonging to the constable of *Bourbon*, and then supposed to be about sixty or seventy years old. This was alive when my author wrote in 1733. *Francis* the First of *France*, died in 1559, and several of the Orange-trees flourishing in the gardens of *Fontainbleau*, at the time this account was published, made a beautiful appearance in the time of that king.

JANE.

There is something very interesting in the idea of being sheltered under the same branches which shaded one's ancestors.

EDWARD.

One reveres a venerable oak which has afforded shade for ages.

JANE.

A wood of ancient trees is one of the most awful scenes in nature.

GEORGE.

England may boast of her majestic oaks;—but the native fruits, I think, are few. You promised me to communicate all you collected upon the subject of Fruit Trees; now we have time.——

JOHN.

Let us sit down here. I shall tire your patience perhaps. When my memory fails, I have notes about me. For I [*Feeling in his pocket*], expected that you would claim this promise at our meeting.——To begin with the *ORANGE*.

JOHN reads.

“ The whole race of Oranges were strangers in *Italy*, and unknown to *Rome*; nor grew they nearer than *Perfia* when first they travelled into *Greece*.

“ The first of the *China* were sent for a present to the old *Conde* (pardon me, I cannot decypher the name; it begins with *M.*) then prime minister to the king of *Portugal*; but of the whole case they came to *Lisbon* in, only one plant escap-

ed; and that with great care, hardly recovered, to be since become the parent of all those flourishing trees, of that name, cultivated by our gardeners, though not without sensibly degenerating."

JOHN *speaks*.

Now this account was received from the son of the *Conde* (successor in title and favour) then an exile in our court.

My author adds—"The Orange of *China* brought into *Portugal*, has drawn a great revenue from *London* alone."

EDWARD.

Brother! I have read somewhere, that Orange-trees were brought into *Italy* in the time of *Virgil*—that the *Romans* having no name for them, *Virgil*, when he is supposed to speak of the Orange in his *Georgics*, is forced to point it out by a great deal of circumlocution.

JOHN.

There is much uncertainty in the accounts we often meet with. One tells us that, "Six hun-

dred and eighty years after the foundation of *Rome*, cherries were brought to *Italy* out of *Pontus*, and one hundred and twenty years after, travelled to *Britain*." Another says that, "Orchard Cherries were brought into *Kent*, out of *Flanders*, by *Henry VIII*."—Our native Cherries are a very ordinary fruit.

JANE:

I should have pleasure in knowing the native place of all our flowers, fruits and herbs; many which grow in *European* gardens are of foreign extraction.

JOHN.

They are; and it is often betrayed by their names. [*Reads*] "The Apple was a native of *Italy*; and when the *Romans* had tasted the richer flavour of the Apricot, the Peach, the Pomegranate, the Citron, the Orange, they contented themselves with applying to all these new fruits the common denomination of Apple, discriminating them from each other by the additional epithet of

the country, or some circumstance—as the Apricot—the early-ripe Apple.”

EDWARD.

I have heard that the Peach was accounted so tender, as to be believed to flourish only in *Perſia*, and that for ſeveral years it grew no nearer than *Egypt* of all the *Roman* provinces;—but was not ſeen in the city of *Rome* till about thirty years before *Pliny*’s time. It has for ſome time, I think, been univerſal in *Europe*.

GEORGE.

The Mulberry grows naturally in *Perſia*; whence it was brought firſt to the ſouthern parts of *Europe*.

JOHN.

In ſeveral parts of *Germany* they are planted againſt walls. In the northern parts of *Sweden* they will not live in the open air.

JANE.

How beautiful muſt the trees appear, when the cones of the Silk-worm are upon them! pray what country is really the native place of the Silk-worm?

JOHN.

From the latest and most authentic accounts it appears, that the *Chinese* first discovered the use of silk—and that *China* has the best claim to the title of the original native place of the Silkworm. I am not fearful of expatiating upon this subject, sister, as I know your solicitude for the welfare of your little family.

JANE.

I am anxious to learn every particular I can relating to them.

JOHN.

The white Mulberry grows spontaneously in *China*, and is believed to be the best food for the insect.

JANE.

I give them lettuces at first.

JOHN.

There are several plants which they will eat, but the leaves of the white mulberry are their best food—then those of the red mulberry—and lastly those of the black.

WILLIAM.

I heard a gentleman speak of a kind of Mulberry growing in *Virginia* — upon which they found Silk-worms.

JOHN.

I recollect meeting with a remark, that their silk would exceed that of *Persia*, if the planters of “nauseous Tobacco did not hinder the culture.”

EDWARD.

The *Virginian* Mulberry will bear the severity of our climate, I think.

WILLIAM.

Surely I was told that King *Charles* the Second had a suit of cloaths made of silk from *Virginia*?

JOHN.

You were probably told so. It is said to have been presented to him by Sir *Joseph Berkley*, governor of that colony.

JOHN.

It is of no use towards the management of your worms indeed. But there is a moth found in *Asia*, and in multitudes in *China*, whose caterpillar spins

very large cones, of a substance which is firmer and more tenacious than silk. This is called the *Phalæna Atlas*, and feeds upon the leaves of the citrus. It is also a native of *America*, and was found by *Merian*, in *Surinam*,

JANE.

There is a plant, in Mr. *Lime's* green-house, with pods full of a silky substance, and it is called the Silk-plant.

JOHN.

If you wish to be well versed in the management of the silk-worm, you may read a treatise at the end of a new publication, translated by Mr. *Brand*. There you will find an entertaining account of the progress of the silk-worm into *Persia*, *Greece*, *Rome*, *Europe*—with many particulars related in a manner perfectly plain and easy.

JANE.

Then, if you please, we will quit the subject, and return to garden trees. I want to know from whence we had the first myrtles?

JOHN.

From *Greece*.

JOHN.

How remarkably they flourish in *Ipswich*!

JOHN.

They thrive near the sea-coast as well as Oranges and Lemons.

WILLIAM.

There is a shrub, called the Candle-berry Myrtle in the grove.

GEORGE.

I have seen candles made of the Candle-berry shrub. They smell agreeably as they burn.

JOHN.

They are often brought hither. The shrub grows in *Virginia*, and other of our plantations, in plenty.

EDWARD.

I do not recollect how they are made.

JOHN.

The berries are boiled in water, and yield a suet of a green colour.

GEORGE.

Do you recollect, that it is dear little *Susan's* birth-day?

JOHN.

I thank you George. I have been rather long-winded.

EDWARD.

And we promised to allow her to choose the sport in which we should join her. I wonder what it will be?

JANE.

I am in the secret. Let us hasten.

WILLIAM.

Let us run.

[They go out.

April - 9 -
1845

The BIRTH-DAY.

DIALOGUE IV.

*Parlour. A Table set forth with Variety of dry
Fruits, Oranges, &c. &c.*

JOHN.

NOW the ceremonies are over, what do you
choose to play at?

SUSAN.

Trades, if you please, brother; I know my
sister likes it.

EDWARD.

We all like it—come.

JANE.

This box will be of some use—let *Susan* have
the pleasure of opening it.

SUSAN *reads.*

“*France, Spain, Italy.*”—What are these?

WILLIAM.

O! these are to play at Trades with!

SUSAN.

How?

JANE.

Shake them. Now take one. What have you got?

SUSAN.

France.

JANE.

Then we shall have Prunes from *Bordeaux*, Olives from *Provence*, we may have several sorts of Wine, Lace, Cambrick, and fine Silks; but we must take care of the custom-house officers.

SUSAN.

I do not understand you.

JANE.

I will try another way. *Susan* shall be a *Turkey Merchant*.

EDWARD.

Excuse me sister. I doubt *Susan* will hardly be able to enter with spirit into this play. I am afraid it is above her.

GEORGE.

Suppose she feigned loading and unloading her little ships? *Battle!* could you not put her in the method? And in the mean time some of us could seek for the place upon the globe. So we may play.

JOHN.

Let us then go into the library; there we can use the globe, and she shall have the ship.

C O N T I N U A T I O N

O F

D I A L O G U E IV.

The Library.

JOHN.

I AM a *Russia* Merchant. I export Woollen Cloths, Stuffs and Tin-lead. I import in return Hemp, Flax, Linen, Tallow, Furs, *Russia* Leather, Iron, Potashes, and Naval Stores.

JANE.

Susan is a Merchant. She trades to *Spain*. Her ship shall bring abundance of good things, Oranges, Lemons, Nuts, Chesnuts. Now go into the parlour, and bring an Orange. Whilst *Susan* performs her voyage we can examine the globe.

JOHN.

That was well managed. See here are some of the spice-islands of which we were speaking.

EDWARD.

Here is *Ceylon*, whence the Cinnamon comes.

JANE.

Here is *Sumatra*, here grows Pepper.

JOHN.

Pepper grows likewise on another island; 'here it is, *Java*.

GEORGE.

I have found the *Molucca* islands—where Cloves grow.

EDWARD.

And here are the *Banda* islands, which produce both Nutmegs and Mace. For Mace, you know, is the husk of the Nutmeg.

JANE.

I know it. But the Cloves, how do they grow?

JOHN.

Upon trees which resemble bay trees; in clusters, like bunches of grapes.

E D W A R D.

Here comes *Susan*. Let us trade nearer home. Look *Susan*—here is *Holland*—your little Clock, and Chairs, your Table, and all the furniture of your doll's kitchen came from hence. The Linen for your papa's shirts too—and we are forced to buy all the Nutmegs, Mace, Cloves, and Cinnamon of these people, though they grow a great way from their country.

J O H N.

Susan! come hither my little dear! here is *China*—it is a great way off, you see. Your pretty set of Cups and Saucers came from hence, and your mamma's Chintz Gown, and the fine Cabinet which stands in the drawing-room, and those Dressing boxes which stand upon the toilet in the best dressing-room, came from *Japan*; there it is. We have Silk too from *China*, and Tea.

E D W A R D.

Amber comes from *Japan* too.

W I L L I A M.

Brother, you forgot that Cloves grow in an island called *Amboyna*.

BARTLE.

What sort of tree produces the Bark? Such I mean as *Mary* took when she had an ague?

JOHN.

A tree about the size of a cherry-tree. The *Kinquenna*, it grows in *Peru*.

WILLIAM.

Watts speaks of the riches of *Peru* in his hymns.

JOHN.

Gold is found in every province of *Peru* washed down from the mountains. Silver Mines likewise abound in *Peru*.

GEORGE.

—The Mines of *Potosi*—

JOHN.

They are the richest. There are two quicksilver mines near *Lima*—particularly in the mountains of *Oropeza*.

JANE.

How is that found?

JOHN.

In a kind of stone called Cinnabar—which also yields Vermilion.

EDWARD.

Storax, Guaiacum, and several other gums and drugs are produced here.

JOHN.

Here they make bread of the Cassavi root, as in other parts of *America*.

JANE.

I have tasted it. Is it true that the root is poisonous till the juice is extracted?

JOHN

So I have been told.

GEORGE.

I read somewhere that the sheep of *Peru* were formerly the only beasts of burden there.

EDWARD.

Whilst we stay in *Spanish America*, let us visit *Amazonia*. Here grow Cocoa-nuts, Pine-Apples; and the forest-trees are Cedar, Brasil-wood, Ebony,

Logwood, Iron-wood—and many forts of dying woods. Cotton, Sugar, Sarsaparilla.

GEORGE.

What sort of a tree is Ebony?

WILLIAM.

I know—it is called Shrubby Hare's Foot—*Jupiter's Beard of Crete*. It grows naturally there, and in some of the islands of the *Archipelago*; but it is said to be only about four feet high.

GEORGE.

Is that bush of currants, which *Cole* the gardener brought, really the same kind as that which produces our dry currants?

JOHN.

I believe not. For Dr. *Chandler* describes the leaf of that vine as being larger than that of the common. They grow in large clusters, are black, or of a deep purple—and the people who gather and dry them, suppose that we use them in dying.

JANE.

Do they not discover that they are good to eat?

JOHN.

Chandler eat of them, and had puddings made with them; but the inhabitants were before ignorant of their use in food—and, indeed, did not treat them as if they had an idea of their being eaten.

GEORGE.

How so?

JOHN.

They trod them down with their feet into holes where they caked together—and when they are put in the ships they heat, and fill the vessel with an intolerable stench.

SUSAN.

Here comes papa with a nice nosegay. Ah, papa!

PAPA.

Little dear! I brought you these flowers to wear for your birth-day.

SUSAN.

I thank you papa. Pray what is this?

PAPA.

An Auricula, a native of the *Alps*.

SUSAN.

This is an Anemone.

JOHN.

The most beautiful Anemones came from the *East Indies*. Do you recollect, *Ned*, how selfish *Monfieur Bachelier* was said to be?

EDWARD.

You mean in keeping the double Anemone so long in his garden without giving a root to his best friend.

JANE.

If ever theft had been allowable it would have been there.

EDWARD.

So thought his friend who visited him in his counsellor's robe—and, sweeping it over the flowers, is said to have stolen some seeds in an artful manner.

WILLIAM.

When *Chandler* travelled in *Greece*, he described a part of his road as being full of Anemones.

GEORGE.

Whence came the *Ranunculus*?

JOHN.

From *Tripoli*, in *Syria*; probably in the time of the Crusades.

EDWARD.

The *French* received very fine ones from *Constantinople*.

JANE.

Pray, papa—did not Mr. *Green* say, that the Tea-plant would grow in *Europe*?

PAPA.

Yes, my dear.

JANE.

I would not venture to assert it, without asking you.

EDWARD.

Has it not been known to do so, some years?

PAPA.

Not many. The true Tea-plant had never been introduced into *Europe* till the year 1763.

JOHN.

What was that plant which grew in the Botanical Garden at *Upsal*, and was brought thither, by mistake, for the Tea-plant?

PAPA.

The Camellia.

JOHN.

That is not the name which *Plume* mentioned, Ned?

PAPA.

No—the plant which generally goes by the name of Tea-plant, in the Botanical Gardens, is the Caffine. The *Chinese* have often deceived those who sought to bring the plants or seeds;—nor will the seeds bear to be brought.

JANE.

How then was it contrived?

PAPA.

Linnaeus, after twenty years of fruitless endeavours, succeeded; by having the fresh seeds sown in a garden-pot in *China*; and so they were brought to *Upsal*.

JOHN.

Surely similar assiduity would enable us to cultivate spices, which the *Dutch* now monopolize.

PAPA.

The *French* have already introduced the nutmeg and clove into the islands of *Bourbon*, *France*,

and *Sechelles*. Cloves have likewise been produced in *Cayenne*.

J A N E.

Of what place is Flax a native?

P A P A.

Egypt. It grows in those parts which are flooded by the *Nile*.

G E O R G E.

Rice should grow in water. Should it not papa?

P A P A.

"Every well watered place,"* in *Isaiab*, alludes to the method of planting rice.

J O H N.

Pray tell us the method.

P A P A.

They sow it upon the water; and before sowing, while the earth is covered with water, they cause the ground to be trodden by oxen, and other cattle who go midleg deep. This is the way of preparing the ground for sowing.

E D W A R D.

This is a particular method of tillage.

* *Isaiab* xxxii. 20.

P A P A.

The prophet is likewise supposed to allude to this particular mode of tillage, in use among the *Egyptians*, in another passage, where he speaks of “the lands that the river has *nourished* ;” * for that word should be substituted for *spoiled*, as *Lowth* assures us.

J O H N.

I now recollect imperfectly some account I met with of the *Egyptians* treading-in their corn.

P A P A.

When the *Nile* had retired within its banks, and the ground became somewhat dry, they sowed their land, and then sent in their cattle, to tread-in the seed ; and without farther *care expected* the harvest.

S U S A N.

When shall we eat the cakes, and all the nice things ?

* *Isaiab* xviii. 2. 7.

The I N S E C T S.

D I A L O G U E V.

The Childrens Parlour. The elder Children assembled together.

JOHN.

I THINK *Jane* supplies the entertainment this morning, does she not?

EDWARD.

She does, and I expect to see her come in presently, for—O here she comes.

JANE.

Brothers, I am rather late; I had mislaid one of my papers—and another disaster which attends me, is, that I have blotted over a material word,

at which I can not give any good guess—as it is a foreign name.

JOHN.

As elder brother, I should give you a gentle reproof, for your carelessness.

JANE.

Indeed I deserve it;—I took a long extract from an account of the Kermes used in dying;—and, for the sake of you *learned* young men, I copied all the *Latin* names of the Insect, and other *hard words* (as we girls call them) but they puzzle me now to decypher.—Not to delay—I will read what I can.

JANE *reads*.

“Kermes has been neglected since the importation of Cochineal from *America*.

“Kermes is the ingredient with which the ancients used to dye their garments of that beautiful grain colour called Coccinus, &c. different from the Purpura of the *Phœnicians*, which at first had been stained from the testaceous fish called Murex.

“ Murex was neglected on account of the expence, and the Kermes was introduced.”

J O H N.

Pennant gives an account of the Murex in his fifth volume of *British Zoology*.

E D W A R D.

How were the old tapestries, which remain so fresh, stained?

J A N E.

With Kermes; the colour was called Carmesi by the *Spaniards*, from *Cramoisi*, which is *French* for *Crimson*.

J O H N.

Does your extract say when the *Gobelins* introduced into *France* the secret of dying wool of that beautiful scarlet, which is called after their name?

J A N E.

It does;—in the reign of *Lewis* the Fourteenth, in the year 1667.

J O H N.

Under whose patronage?

JANE.

That of *Colbert*. The Kermes had long been in use in *Flanders*; where tapestry of two hundred years had scarcely lost any of its bloom.

GEORGE.

Pray how is Kermes found?

JANE.

It is found sticking to the branches, or tender leaves of a sort of oak, whose height is about two or three feet.

GEORGE.

Our sort of Oak?

JANE.

This tree grows in *Spain*, *Provence*, *Languedoc*, and along the *Mediterranean* coast; also in *Galatia*, *Armenia*, *Syria*, and *Persia*, where Kermes was first made use of.

WILLIAM.

And what is it? The fruit of the Oak?

GEORGE.

O, no—an Insect, you remember.

E

WILLIAM.

Surely, brother, it is the nest;—but *Jenny* is to explain it further.

GEORGE.

Is it the Insect, or its nest, sister?

JANE.

It is both. *Kermes* is placed in the class of Insects, called Gall Insects, from analogy; they continue immoveable upon their nest; and remain upon it after death (like the other species of this class found upon different trees) and appearing only like galls or excrescences.

WILLIAM.

And how do we get them?

JANE.

In *Languedoc* and *Provence* the poor are employed to gather the *Kermes*; the women letting their nails grow for that purpose.

GEORGE.

Is *Cochineal* an Insect likewise?

JANE.

It is an Insect, found in the *Mexican* woods, on a plant (whose name is terribly effaced in my

manuscript, but I think called Nopal by the *Americans*, and Tuna by the *Spaniards*. The present war makes it very dear.

WILLIAM.

Are they never brought over alive?

JANE.

The *Swedish* authors assert, that it would be easy to feed this Insect in our *European* gardens, taking care to defend it from all smoke;—whereas we import the *Cochineal* from *America* at a great expence?

EDWARD.

The Galls which we use in making ink, are of somewhat the same nature, I suppose.

JOHN.

Galls are found upon a very different species of oak from ours, which never brings the excrescences to maturity.

GEORGE.

What are our Oak-Apples?

JOHN.

The work of an Insect—which pierces the tender bud, to deposit its young; and so makes an alteration in the course of the sap—which occasions that swelling.

EDWARD.

Sister we thank you;—your extracts have been very agreeable.

[They go out.]

The T R E E S.

D I A L O G U E VI.

*A Grove in the Garden. The Elder Children sitting
on a Bench.*

JANE.

IS not the Fustic wood a kind of Mulberry?

JOHN.

It is; Fustic is the wood of a Mulberry, of no estimation for its fruit.

JANE.

Where does it grow?

JOHN.

In most of the islands of the *West Indies*; this wood is one of the commodities exported from *Jamaica*. The wood dyes a sulphur colour.

GEORGE.

Is the Larch a very useful wood?

EDWARD.

The wood of the Larch admits of a fine polish, which contributes to throw forth colouring with uncommon lustre; the modern *Italians* use it for picture-frames, and this is the reason why the *Italian* gilding is so much better than ours.

JOHN.

Raphael used it for his pictures.

JANE.

I saw the gardener cutting down a Laburnum, and I observed that a part of the wood was beautiful.

JOHN.

The Laburnum affords what is called the Cocoa-wood; you know it is of the dark colour of cocoa-nut shell when it is polished.

JANE.

We seldom see that kind of Poplar which we met with at Mr. *Chafeton's*.

EDWARD.

You mean the *black*; it grows rarely with us; it is said that there are noble ones upon the banks of the *Po* in *Italy*, near the old *Eridanus*.

GEORGE.

Are those the trees which *Phaeton's* sisters were said to be changed into?

JOHN.

You mean in the second book of the *Metamorphoses*.—Some say, that *Ovid* certainly meant Larches; and we are told of a medal in which they are represented as being metamorphosed into that kind of tree.

EDWARD.

Surely the circumstance of the tears seems to favor the Larch!

JANE.

Of what place is the Larch a native?

EDWARD.

Of the *A'ps* and *Appenines*.

GEORGE.

I remember observing that they flourish in a bad foil.

EDWARD.

They thrive best in a bad foil, and exposed; else they are too luxuriant, and top-heavy. They thrive best in clumps too.

JOHN.

Have you heard that shingles of Larch are used in *Switzerland* to cover the houses?

EDWARD.

I have;—we are told, that the joints are stopped by the rosin which the sun extracts from the pores of the wood.

WILLIAM.

We have the *Venice Turpentine*, I think, from the Larch-tree?

EDWARD.

I believe so.

GEORGE.

How sickly all our *Weymouth* Pines appear!

JOHN.

I believe they have not been propagated a great many years in *England*.

EDWARD.

I think not.

JANE.

Of what country are they natives?

JOHN.

North America — and called White Pine — there they are often one hundred feet high; and so esteemed for the masts of ships, that there was a law for the preservation and encouragement of their growth in *America*.

WILLIAM.

The Stone Pine is beautiful.

EDWARD.

It produces a large kernel as sweet as an almond; and in *Italy* (where the tree is native) they are served in deserts.

JOHN.

I believe it is time for us to go in.

JANE.

I am sorry to leave our trees.

JOHN.

We need not quit the subject.

JANE.

But the little ones—you would not wish to shut them out.

JOHN.

No surely—we will continue to admit them of the party.

The TIMBER-MERCHANTS.

DIALOGUE VII.

Childrens Parlour. The Children all assembled.

SUSAN.

YOU are very good to play with us—

JOHN.

We will play at Trades. I know you love that play.

BARTLE.

I do very much.

SUSAN.

And I.

JOHN.

We play at Trades on purpose to please you little ones.—I will be a Timber-merchant. I have

Oak-timber excellent for wheel-spokes—for ship-building—for hoops—for spray—for bevin and coals.

BARTLE.

Pray what is bavin?

EDWARD.

I think a sort of small brush-wood used for the purpose of kindling.

JOHN.

Who buys my Oak?—the bark is very useful to the Tanner and Dyer—so is the saw-dust.—Girls come, and buy my Oak—the ashes and lees are good for your washing.

EDWARD.

I am a Timber-merchant. I deal in Elm—it is of singular use where water-works are required, for pipes, pumps, and ship-planks, below water—and you who are Wheelwrights, come and buy of me—the roots of my Elm are of use to the Turner for curious dappled works—Butchers, come and buy my Elm for your chopping-blocks—Hat-makers, come and buy your blocks—Wheelwrights, here are axle-trees—Trunk-makers, come and buy my Elm for your leather-

trunks—Carvers, come and buy my Elm for your curious foliage; it rarely warps.

GEORGE.

I am a Timber-merchant. I recommend to you my Horn-beam—it is better than yew or crab for mill-cogs—it is both flexible and tough—excellent for heads of beetles—y oak-timber—stocks and handles of tools: it is also excellent for the Turner's use—it makes good hedges—and it makes good fires.

JANE.

I am a Timber-merchant. I deal in Ash. My Ash is of universal use next to the Oak. It is of use to the Soldier, Scholar, Carpenter, Cooper, Turner, Thatcher, Husbandman, Cartwright, Wheelwright, and to the Apothecary; for in *Calabria* grows a kind of Ash, which produces the drug called Manna.

GEORGE.

You boast very much of your Ash.

JANE.

I have more to say in praise of my Ash: formerly the inner bark was used to write upon—

but to talk of present times: it is of use for plough-trees, wheel-rings, harrows, oars, blocks for pullies, &c. the bark is good for tanning nets. It is of use for hop-poles, spars, handles and stocks for tools, spade-trees, &c. carts, ladders, and other tackling from the pike to the plough, spear, and bow—so says my old author.

JOHN.

I deal in Chesnut; and assert, that next to the Oak, it is sought after by the Joiners and Carpenters.—The Chesnut formerly built a great part of our ancient houses in *London*.—Contrary to the Oak, it will appear fair without, and be decayed within—so I confess it yields to the Oak.

EDWARD.

I have Walnut-tree wood to sell. It is of universal use in *France*—and in *New England* instead of yew. The white *Virginia* Walnut, called Hickery Nut, is very common in most parts of *North America*.

GEORGE.

I think what is called the Black *Virginia*, is not in *North America*.

JANE.

I speak in praise of Hazel, for poles, spars, hoops, forks, angling rods, faggots, cudgels, coals, springes to catch birds—it affords the best coals used for gun-powder.

GEORGE.

No. Birch affords the best coals for that purpose. Hazel affords the *charming* rods.

JOHN.

Pshaw!

JANE.

The coals are of use to painters, as are those of Sallow. Hazel makes good riding sticks too.

EDWARD.

I sing the praise of Birch.—I do not boast of it as Timber, yet it does for the husbandman's ex-goad, hoops, screws, brooms, panniers, wands, bevin, bands and withs for faggots;—and it affords the best coals for gun-powder. Birch supplied arrows, bolts, shafts, our old *English* artillery;—also dishes, bowls, ladles, and other domestic utensils, in the good old days of more simplicity, yet of better and truer hospitality. So

says my old author. It is said, that hair-powder is partly made from Birch.—In *New England* the *North Americans* make canoes, boxes, buckets, dishes, and baskets of Birch; likewise small craft, or pinnaces.—The inner white cuticle and filken bark was anciently used for writing tablets, before the invention of paper.—There is a Birch Tree in *Canada*, whose bark will serve to write on, and may be made into books.—Of the twigs they make pretty baskets.—It is said that the poor people in *Sweden* grind the bark to mingle with their bread-corn. The decayed wood is excellent mould for choice plants.

J O H N.

I take Osier.—Osier is the aquatic and lesser *Salix*.—This supplies baskets, hampers, lattices, cradles, bodies of coaches and waggons, being light and durable.—It serves for chairs, hurdles, bands, the stronger for being wreathed; and to support the banks of impetuous rivers.—In fine, for all wicker and twig works.

EDWARD.

Sallow is nearly allied.—I speak of Sallow.—Of use for stocks of gardeners spades, rakes, mops. The coals are soon consumed;—yet they do for painters scribbles. Of the Sallow, as of the Lime, shoemakers have their carving or cutting boards, as best to preserve the edge of the tool.

GEORGE.

I have Willow to sell;—it is of the same family,¹ and serves for most of the same uses as the Sallow. Likewise for boxes, such as the apothecaries and goldsmiths use; for cart saddle-trees, clogs, for pattens, forks, rakes, especially the teeth; for light ladders, hop-poles, supporters for vines; hurdles, sieves, lattices, little casks, especially to preserve verjuice in; pales of some kinds; hives for bees; trenchers, trays, and the best boards for whetting table knives upon; coals, bavin, &c. and excellent firing. The wood putrified, and reduced to a loamy earth in the hol-

low trunks, is the fittest to be mixed with fine mould for choice flowers.

JOHN.

I deal in Alder. Of old they made boats of it; and, except the ark, the first vessels we read of were made of this material; we will look into the first Georgic, (*which is referred to.*) The poles of Alder are as useful as those of the Willow. The coals exceed them, especially for gunpowder. The wood is useful for piles, pumps, hop-poles, water-pipes, troughs, sluices, small trays, trenchers, and wooden reels. The bark is useful to the dyer; and some tanners and leather-dressers use it. The leaves laid to the foot fresh, are said to be refreshing to the weary traveller.

EDWARD.

As you are come to idle sayings, I will cut your tale short, and speak in praise of my Poplar and Abele, of which the timber is incomparable for all sorts of white wooden vessels, especially for bellows; it is almost of the nature of Cork, so is of use for soles as well as heels of shoes. You may likewise make brooms.—

JOHN.

The Lime, or Linden tree, is convenient for such uses as the Willow;—for some it is preferred as being stronger and lighter; for yokes. See what *Virgil* says. It is useful for models for buildings, pumps for ships, lattices for windows; shoemaker's dressers to cut upon; for coals for gunpowder, it is better than Alder; of use for scribbles, for painters to make their first draughts with; for white slaves for officers.

EDWARD.

The Maple was formerly in great repute for the beauty of some parts of it. We read of a table which sold for its weight in gold. To make the wonder rather less, I should observe, that the turners will work it so thin as to be almost transparent.

JANE.

Of the Beech I could say much, but that I think we talked of it the last holidays—however, not to hazard omitting the Beech, I will observe in few words, that it is of use to the Turner for

dishes, trays, rims for baskets, dressers, &c. to the Wheelwright and Joiner, for large screws, &c. to the Upholsterers, for chairs, and bedsteads: to the Husbandmen, for shovels: it supplies fuel, billet, bavin, and coals, though not lasting ones. The timber is little inferior to elm if it be altogether under water. Floats for fishing-nets are made of the bark instead of cork. Cutlers make scabbards for swords of the thin lamina or scale of this wood; which supplies band-boxes and boxes for writing covered with thin leather or paper, and hat-cases; and formerly book-covers—I wonder we can not split it ourselves; but send it elsewhere for that purpose. It is said, that bees love to hive in the hollow of a Beech-tree. Beech will take the colour and polish of Ebony (but it is liable to worms, and brittle:) and stained with foot and urine, it is made to resemble walnut. The mast is a favorite food with swine, deer, squirrels, mice, thrushes, blackbirds, fieldfares, &c. &c. and is said to render the flesh of pheasants peculiarly delicate. In some parts of *France* they grind the bark in mills, and it affords a

sweet oil. The leaves of the Beech, which afford so agreeable a shade all the summer, being gathered about the fall, afford good mattresses—besides their tenderness and loose lying together, they continue sweet for seven or eight years; before which time straw will become hard and musty. The leaves are thus used by divers persons of quality in *Denmark*; and in *Switzerland* I have lain on them to my great refreshment—so says my old agreeable author, who thus speaks of the Beech in old verse.

“Hence in the world’s first years, the humble
 shed,
 Was happily and fully furnished;
 Beech made their chests, their bed, and homely
 stools,
 Beech made their board, their platters and their
 bowls.”

[*Enter Maid.*]

MAID.

Young ladies and gentlemen, supper is ready.

[*The younger ones go out with the Maid.*]

JOHN.

I will now read to you a sweet passage from *Evelyn*.

“ But, after all let us not dwell here too long, whilst the inferences desired from those temporary objects prompt us to raise our contemplations a little on objects more worthy our noblest speculations, all our pains, and curiosity; representing that happy state above, namely, the Celestial Paradise.— Let us, I say, suspend our admiration awhile of these terrestrial gaieties, which are of so short a continuance; raise our thoughts from being so deeply immersed and rooted in them— aspiring after those supernal, more lasting, and glorious abodes; namely, a Paradise; not like this of ours, with so much pains and curiosity made with hands, but eternal in the Heavens—where all the trees are trees of life; the flowers all amaranths; all the plants perennial, ever verdant; ever fragrant; and where those who desire knowledge may fully satiate themselves, taste freely of the fruit of that tree which cost the

first gardener and posterity so dear; and where the most voluptuous inclinations to the allurements of the sense may take and eat, and still be innocent—no forbidden fruit—no serpent to deceive—none to be deceived.

“ Hail! O hail! then, and welcome you blessed Elysiums—where a new state of things expect us—where all the pompous and charming delights that detain us here a while, shall be changed into real and substantial fruition.—Eternal springs and pleasure celestial, becoming the dignity of our nature.—”

WILLIAM.

You managed excellently well—the little ones were delighted, and we were very highly entertained.

JOHN.

They would have been disgusted to hear all pass in grave reading; so we gave a dramatic turn to our extracts; it was easily done you see, by handing my extracts round.

JANE.

I am charmed with this passage which you referred for us.

JOHN.

The author treats of planting—he was an enthusiast to trees.

GEORGE.

When did he live?

JOHN.

He was born in 1620, and died in 1705—

[*Enter a Servant.*]

SERVANT.

My master and mistress wish you to go into the parlour, Miss—and you, gentlemen.

JOHN.

Let us clear away our papers—

GEORGE.

Brother here is a book belonging to you.

JOHN.

Edward, this is your pocket-book.

[*They go out.*]

The RAMBLE.

DIALOGUE VIII.

*Mrs. Teachwell's Parlour. A Table with Globes,
Maps, &c.*

Mrs. TEACHWELL,

Miss SPRIGHTLY,

Miss GAY,

Master SPRIGHTLY.

Master Sprightly is supposed to be a Visitor; and brought into the Room to be entertained with the Globe, the Geographical Box, &c. &c.

Master SPRIGHTLY.

I NEVER saw one of the geographical boxes—
pray how do you use them?

Miss SPRIGHTLY.

These counters, you see, have each the name of a country; and the play is to dip in at a venture, and take one out;—take one—what have you got?

Master SPRIGHTLY.

Spain!

Miss SPRIGHTLY.

Then you should say what the climate, soil, and situation of *Spain* are—what commodities we import from thence; and what articles we supply the Spaniards with.

Master SPRIGHTLY.

A very agreeable play!

Mrs. TEACHWELL.

Shall we dip?—or shall we choose?

Master SPRIGHTLY.

Choose, if you please, Madam.

Mrs. TEACHWELL.

Will you confine yourself to *Europe*? or will you prefer to ramble over all parts of the globe?

Miss SPRIGHTLY.

I shall like to ramble.

Master SPRIGHTLY.

I wish to leave *Europe*, because I had rather visit those countries of which I have read in the *Scripture*.

Mrs. TEACHWELL.

Come, then—we will fly into *Asia*—reach me that map—here is *Arabia*—will that please you?

Master SPRIGHTLY.

Very much, Madam.

Mrs. TEACHWELL.

Arabia is divided into three parts;—*Arabia Petrea*—*Arabia Deserta*—and *Arabia Felix*—Miss Sprightly, do you recollect from whom the *Arabians* are supposed to descend?

Miss SPRIGHTLY.

From *Ishmael*; and it was foretold of him, that “his hand should be against every man, and every man’s hand against him.”

Mrs. TEACHWELL.

And how is this fulfilled?—you answer me, Miss Gay.

Miss GAY.

They are robbers—and seldom fail to plunder travellers.

Mrs. TEACHWELL.

The word *Arab* is said to be derived from *robber*;—the same people are likewise called *Saracens*, or *inhabitants* of the *Desert*. Look in the map, and explain it to your brother.—What do you see?

Miss SPRIGHTLY.

Here is *Arabia Petraea*—here are the famous mountains of *Sinai* and *Horeb*.

Miss GAY.

The air of *Arabia* is very hot, and the winds often poisonous.

Mrs. TEACHWELL.

The sands are terrible to pass, particularly in windy seasons; for then they drive in the traveller's eyes, so as to deprive him of sight; and, thus bewildered, he is often buried in them: there are very few springs, so that passengers often perish with thirst.

Master SPRIGHTLY.

The camel is well suited to that country.

Mrs. TEACHWELL.

He is peculiarly adapted to the climates where he is placed: you recollect that he has a number of cells within him, which serve as reservoirs of water?

Miss SPRIGHTLY.

Yes, Madam—and you once told me, that the drivers sometimes kill a camel to supply themselves with water, when they are greatly distressed.

Mrs. TEACHWELL.

I could detain you here all day, with accounts from different authors of such places as are recorded in Scripture.

Miss SPRIGHTLY.

I am in no haste to leave the country.

Miss GAY.

Nor I, indeed, Madam.

Mrs. TEACHWELL.

My dears,—I mean only to give you a slight taste to excite your curiosity; there is an inexhaustible fund of entertainment in reserve for you, in the works of those learned men who have travelled with a view to illustrate the Bible history.

Miss SPRIGHTLY.

Surely, Madam, you will indulge our curiosity a little further.

Mrs. TEACHWELL.

Your curiosity pleases me;—to say the truth, I know not how to quit the subject which leads to an explanation of a passage in the Scripture;—but perhaps, Master *Sprightly*, you will regret the want of variety—your smiles say *no*.

Master SPRIGHTLY.

And I say *no*.

Mrs. TEACHWELL.

In the time of *Moses* this whole country was known by the name of the *Wilderness of Paran*—whence *Mount Sinai* was called also *Mount Paran*.—The Bishop of *Clogher* translated an account of a journey from *Grand Cairo* to *Mount Sinai*,—there are described the fountains of *Moses*—thence may be seen an aperture in the mountains on the other side of the *Red Sea*; whence the children of *Israel* entered the *Red Sea*, when *Pharoah* and his host were drowned; you may read the account in the fourteenth chapter of *Exodus*.

Master SPRIGHTLY.

Pray, Madam, how wide is the sea in that part?

Mrs. TEACHWELL.

About four or five hours journey;—the aperture is called *Piba-biroth*, the mouth or opening of *Hiroth*.

Master SPRIGHTLY.

I love to know the derivation of names—pray whence was the name *Sinai*?

Mrs. TEACHWELL.

From the *Hebrew* for a bush—you know why?

Master SPRIGHTLY.

I do, Madam.

Mrs. TEACHWELL.

There are agreeable descriptions of the scene of the greater part of the miracles performed by *Moses*;—but I will not detain you any longer than just to remark upon the written mountains.

Miss SPRIGHTLY.

Madam!

Mrs. TEACHWELL.

You know that it is supposed the giving of the law from *Mount Sinai* gave birth to writing by letters, (which is called literary writing)—you know that the *Israelites* wandered in the wilderness of *Kadish* forty years—but probably you never heard of the *Written Mountains*?

Miss GAY.

No, indeed, Madam.

Mrs. TEACHWELL.

There are whole mountains engraved with characters, which are supposed to be the ancient *Hebrew*; for it is conjectured that they were lost during the *Babylonish* captivity, and the *Chaldee* used instead—but I am entering too deep—come, whither will you make your next excursion?

Miss GAY.

If you allow me to choose, we will remove into *Africa*;—I long to talk of *Egypt*.

Mrs. TEACHWELL.

You are well acquainted with the situation and soil of *Egypt*—you know that the river *Nile* overflows the country, and is distributed, by canals,

to every part; supplying sufficient moisture to make the land fruitful without rain; which they very rarely have—but perhaps you do not know the origin of the *Sphinx*?

Miss SPRIGHTLY.

The creature with the head and neck of a woman, and the body of a lion! I supposed it to be fabulous.

Mrs. TEACHWELL.

Certainly—thinking of it as an animal; but you are to understand, that the *Egyptians* used the hieroglyphical method of recording events; that is, the method of writing by pictures—now the rise of the *Nile* was of such consequence, that the nation recorded the period of it; and this they did by carving; instead of saying in such months the *Nile* is at its greatest height, they placed this image—you know the signs of the Zodiac—this is composed of two of them.

Miss GAY.

Leo and Virgo.

Mrs. TEACHWELL.

The same—and all the signs themselves are said by the learned to be derived from the *Egyptians*. *Libra*, or the Scales, marked equality: *Virgo* or the Virgin (who was represented with ears of corn in her hand) shewed the time of harvest; and the like.

Miss GAY.

The pyramids were full of emblematical characters, I think.

Mrs. TEACHWELL.

They were. Some were perhaps designed to express the doctrine of their divinity: some expressive of the names, qualities, and inventions of eminent persons,—Happy! had they stopped here; but it is supposed that idolatry began from these figures.

Miss SPRIGHTLY.

Was not *Papyrus* an *Egyptian* plant?

Mrs. TEACHWELL.

It was a reed—of great service to the *Egyptians*—they made boats of it, and cloaths. It grows

to the height of ten feet, and is now called *Al-berdi*.

Master SPRIGHTLY.

Was not paper made of it.

Mrs. TEACHWELL.

Either the inner rind, or the pith supplied a substance upon which the inhabitants wrote; and from thence came our word, paper.

Master SPRIGHTLY.

Was not *Egypt* called the land of *Ham*?

Mrs. TEACHWELL.

It was.

Master SPRIGHTLY.

Was not the *Hippopotamus* found in *Egypt*?

Mrs. TEACHWELL.

Sometimes—and the *Crocodile*, the *Camelion*, the *Ibis*, the *Ostrich*. A great number of *Storks* likewise visit *Egypt* after a flood, and are as serviceable in destroying reptiles, as the *Ibis* was formerly. There are abundance of curiosities, such as the Labyrinth, the Mummy-pits—[*Here Mrs. Teachwell looks at her watch*]-but I am sorry to inform

you, that we can not stay to converse about them, my allotted time being expired.

Master SPRIGHTLY.

Madam, I thank you for my agreeable entertainment.

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